The Spirit of Democracy.

"PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES, AND MEN THAT WILL CARRY THOSE PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES INTO EFFECT."

BY JAMES R. MORRIS. WOODSFIELD, OHIO, FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1844. Volume I. Number 8.

POETRY.

From the Knickerbocker.

TO MY WIFE.

BY H. W. ROCKWELL.

There may be romance in that tender feeling
Which visiteth my heart, when at my side
I feel a soft hand through mine gently stealing—
Yet there is something real in a bride!

For love hath music in it, far more pleasing
Than the proud romance of the feudal line
Whose dames in verse were taught the art of teasing
Their red-cross knights to trudge to Palestine.

It is the romance of fresh thoughts, that waken
Sweetly among the visions of young years,
Heart-fraught with love, the long-tried and unshaken,
Too pure for passion and too true for tears.

Yet gazing on thee, Sweet; how thrills my bosom,
As to my heart I clasp thy yielding form,
For life bereft of thee would wear no blossom,
Nor would Hope's rainbow scan my spirit storm.

Doubt I that thy young heart will ever falter?
Deem I that mine will ever love thee less?
Thou who didst give me at the bridal-altar
Thy heart's deep wealth of untold tenderness?

No! never, dearest! never, till the beating
Of this poor heart that throbs for thee is o'er
Never, until my soul from life retreating,
Takes up its death-march to the spirit-shore!

Then as thy lips shall kiss me to my slumber,
As on life's verge I say the last 'good night,'
How will thy love my struggling spirit cumber,
While the world reels and fevers on my sight!

Yet in that 'distant bourne,' where broken-hearted,
Thou shalt deem haply that my soul hath rest,
Can I but meet thee when life hath departed,
My sin-freed spirit shall be doubly blest!

From Alexander's Messenger.

A COUSIN'S KISS

A SKETCH OF MY EARLY DAYS BY J. S.

"There's something in a kiss,
That never comes amiss."

Buoyant with the spirits of youth, about returning home, after an absence of more than four years, I looked forward with almost childish glee to my meeting with my affectionate uncle and aunt. Having just finished my course at college, and having graduated with the chief honors of my class, the fond recollections of the *past*, and the bright anticipations of the *future*, seemed to vie in affording joy to the *present*, and *equally* to inspire me with emotions of delight. I was an orphan, with neither brothers nor sisters; but then I had a blooming cousin, and that was pretty much the same thing, for we had grown together from almost infancy; and if she was not a *sister*, I was not then philosopher enough to know the difference. During my travel homeward, I tried to picture to myself the familiar scenes so fondly loved, from which I had been so long separated; and whenever my imaginations reverted to my cousin, (which I must confess they frequently *did*,) I saw the fancied transport with which she would "welcome me home." Alas! that we should be so vain.

I was received with open arms, and evident pleasure by my kind relatives, and when I was kissed by them all—uncle—aunt—nurse—down almost to the washerwoman—it was absolutely outrageous—"positively shocking!"—that Harriet, my pretty blushing cousin, should alone refuse the kiss most desired. Such, then, was the termination of all my glowing day-dreams, and though her eyes *did* sparkle with joy, it was not exactly the meeting I had expected. But she was so lovely that I could not get angry; it would have been ungallant in the highest, and if I *could*, I understood the female heart enough to know that resentment was not the way to obtain the wished-for *kiss!* That *she*, who used to treat me with such frank familiarity, herself as gentle, playful and innocent as the fawn, and whom I had found the same fair being as formerly, with the exception that she was far more beautiful, and had a *little* less of the girl about her; I say, that *she* should be thus reserved and obstinate, why I declare it was really *too* bad! How should I win the coveted boon? I was puzzled! My cousin was so popular, that all the beaux of the country were in her train; and yet, notwithstanding these difficulties, I was resolved to gain the kiss, a thousand times more valued, now that it was so pertinaciously withheld. I *must try*.

There was one of her suitors named Thornton, whom she seemed to like better than the rest; and I must say, that during the first month of my visit, she coquetted with him a good deal at my expense. It used to give me a touch of uneasiness now and then, but I consoled myself with the reflection that as I was not in love, there was no sense in being jealous, and besides, Mr. Thornton's favorable reception had nothing to do with my object of gaining a kiss; so I took to teazing my pretty cousin about her favorite lover. This made a great change in her conduct, as I soon perceived. She denied the charge at first, and then grew really worried that I wouldn't believe her, and finally showed me a pretty marked preference on every occasion. But I was only a cousin, and nobody took any notice of it. My walks and conversations were all confined to the score of cousinship, but they were so delicious that I regretted the time had come for me to think of my departure, and wished that one's cousin could be with one forever. But I was not worth a copper dollar, unless I could get some heiress to marry me for pity; and I saw no way of living without roughing it through life, so that it was necessary I should do something for myself. I was too *proud* to trespass farther on the bounty of my uncle, or rather I felt too keenly the sense of my boundless obligation to him already, to be guilty of still greater dependence on him; for it had been through his generosity I had been placed at college, and he had declared his intentions of aiding me still farther in my future career. I must, therefore have been ungrateful indeed to have been long idle; so my visit was nearly up. Happy—too happy had been those two short months, and Harriet was the cause of it all. She, sweet angel, like all the rest, charged it to cousinship; but I at last began to open my eyes, and half suspected the truth, for I had noticed that my cousin, unconscious to herself, seemed very fond of my presence. All this I learned by close observation of her conduct in innumerable trifles; and though *trifles*, many a monarch would have given his broad lands, his greatest victories, or the finest jewel in his crown, to win such little tokens of affection from one he loved. Well, the two months were up, and yet, in all this time I had not got a kiss from my cousin

It was the night but one before I was to go away. I determined to make a last effort. We were sitting by the window, and the old folks were out. My pretty cousin looked pensive, and doubtless felt so; for I was somewhat sentimental myself. It was just the time for melting thoughts; and the moon shone tenderly upon the river in the distance, pouring her silvery light like fairy verdure on the distant hills. Harriet sat by my side, and we were talking of my approaching departure.

"I shall be very busy to-morrow, Harriet," said I, "and I do not know whether I shall be able to come here in the evening."

She slowly raised her dark eyes to me, till her very soul seemed pouring out beneath the long lashes, and after seeming to look right through me, answered,

"Why not? you know how glad we shall be to see you."

"Because," said I, (a little piqued at the word *we*, for, to tell the truth, I half suspected I was in love, and had of course flattered myself that it was reciprocal;) "because I shall be very busy, and, besides, I heard Thornton ask you the other night to go to P—— to-morrow evening with him, and of course, my pretty coz, you go."

"There goes that *Thornton* again," said she; "I declare you are too provoking; you know what I think of him."

"Ah! but," replied I wickedly, "actions speak louder than words; why make engagements on the night an old acquaintance is going away?"

Her gaiety was stopped at once. She hesitated an instant and then answered:

"I told him I would answer him to-day, and I thought we were all going together; but I'll send him a note declining at once; you know you don't mean what you said, William?"

I laughed it off, and directly rose to depart.

"How very soon you are going?" said she, in her soft chiding voice, and I thought there was something unusually melancholy in its gentle tones.

"And you are going to kiss me," said I gaily, after a little merry conversation. "Cousins always do at parting."

"Indeed I ain't," said she, saucily.

"Indeed you ought to," said I, earnestly.

"Indeed you are mistaken for once."

"Isn't it your duty?" said I.

She said nothing, but looked as if doubtful whether I was quizzing her or not.

"I can prove it by the Talmud," said I.

A smile began to flicker round the corners of her mouth.

"I can establish it text by text!"

"Indeed!" said she, smiling archly at my anticipated perplexity. But I was ahead of her.

"'*Do unto others as you would wish to be done unto;*' is n't it proved, my pretty coz?"

"Well, really you deserve something for your wit; did you learn that at college?" and her eyes danced as she answered me.

I saw I was no match for her, so I betook myself to another ground.

"Well, good-bye, coz."

"So early?"

"*Early!*" and I began to pull on my gloves.

"You'll be here to-morrow night, wont you?" said she, persuasively.

"Do you really wish it?"

"How can you doubt it?" said she, warmly.

"But I shall interrupt a *tete-a-tete* with Mr. Thornton," said I, teasingly.

"Pshaw! Mr. Thornton, again," said she, pettishly.

There was a moment's silence, and at its end came a low, half-suppressed sigh. I began to think I was on the right track.

"You won't give me a *kiss*,—if now it was to mend Mr. Thornton's glove, or—"

—"It's too provoking," said she in a pensive tone; "how can you think I care so for *him*?"

"How can I?—you do fifty things for him you wouldn't do for me."

"You don't *think* so."

"Indeed I *do*," said I.

"William!"

"I ask you for the smallest favor,—I take this one for a sample, and you refuse, you are very unfair, cousin;" and I took her hand.

"Why?" said she, lifting her dark eye till its gaze met mine; and her voice shook a little as she repeated "Why?"

"Because you never do any thing I ask you to."

"Indeed I do,—you know I do," said she earnestly.

"I wish I could think so," said I, pensively.

We were standing by the window, and I thought her hand trembled as I spoke; but she only turned away her head with a sigh, and without speaking, gazed out upon the lawn. At another time, perhaps, she would have listened to my language differently; but I was going away, perhaps forever, and the thought made me pensive. Yet she did not know her own feelings. Something told her to grant my boon—it was but a trifle—it seemed too foolish to hesitate; but then something whispered to her that she ought not to do it. But then again it would be so reserved and uncousinly to refuse, and might I not justly be offended at her prudery? I could hear her breathe, and see her snowy bosom heave with contesting emotions. The conflict was going on between love and reserve, and yet, poor girl, she knew it not!—but I had seen more of the world than my unsophisticated cousin.

"And you really won't come to morrow evening—without—without—" she paused and blushed; while the low, soft, half-reproachful tone in which she spoke, smote me to the heart, and almost made me repent my persistence. But then it was so pretty to see her perplexed!

"Harriet," said I, "I feel grieved; you do not think that I should trifle with you. I never before tried to test how true were the professions of those I love, and if one is to be thus bitterly deceived, I care not to try again," and half letting go her hand, I turned partially away.

For a second she did not answer, but she looked upon the floor; and as she averted her head I saw a crystal tear-drop fall. Directly a cloud came over the moon, and just as the whole room was buried in sudden shadow, I heard a sigh that seemed to come from the bottom of my cousin's heart, I felt a breath like a zephyr steal across my face—the ecstatic touch sent a thrill through every nerve, as I felt her soft and glowing kiss. I had conquered. But a hot tear was on my face; and as I pressed her hand more warmly than became a cousin, a sudden revulsion of feeling came across her,—the true secret of her delicacy flashed like sunlight upon her mind, and feeling how utterly she had betrayed herself, her head fell upon my shoulder and I heard her sob. My heart stung me; and I would have given worlds to have saved her that one moment of agony. But in another instant came the consciousness that I loved her, and putting my arm gently around her, and drew her gently towards me. We spoke no word, we whispered no vow, but as I felt how pure a heart I had won, a flush of holy feeling swept across my soul. That moment I shall never forget. She ceased to sob, but she did not as yet look up. It might have been five minutes, or it might have been half an hour,—I could keep no measure of time. I softly pronounced her name, "Dear Harriet!"

"Will you not come to-morrow night?" whispered she, lifting her dark eyes timidly to my countenance.

"How can I refuse, dearest?" said I, kissing the tears from her cheeks.

"And you will not think me unkind, William!"

"No love—not *now*," and pressing her again to my throbbing bosom, and imprinting on her rosy lips a kiss,—a burning—passionate—soul-subduing kiss, I murmured, "Good night, dearest!" and we parted for the night. But not to sleep that night, did I go to bed. My high-wrought feelings, were painful to my bosom,—the unusual excitement seemed to have exhausted all my energies; and I could hardly convince myself that all that had happened was not a dream—so much did the scenes of the last few hours appear like a pleasing, fleeting vision.

The next morning I was greeted by a glance from my cousin, which eloquently told the feeling of her heart. Her embarrassment did not escape the penetration of my good uncle, and when he heard the particulars of our interview, his laugh rang loud and joyous, in spite of the blushes of my dear Harriet. Though that was many years ago, I am still a happy—very happy man; no less happy than when my lovely cousin first became my *wife*.

MORAL.

Courteous reader, having now concluded my story, in conformity with the received custom, I proceed to unfold my moral. The most striking lesson contained in it is, that any thing may be accomplished by proper management, and that the female heart is never so obstinate, but that it will finally yield to gentleness. Again, cousins should be closely watched. They play the deuce with the girls' hearts. They're always plucking your daughter a fresh rose, or lifting her over the pebbly little brook; and then they take such long walks in the summer twilight, or ride for hours alone in a September afternoon, or sleigh away for miles, on the clear moonlight nights of December, with nothing but themselves for company, and all this time when they are both budding into life, and fall into love as naturally as—as the moth flies into the fire. Egad! I've got daughters myself, *fegs*! no cousin comes palavering about my house with his flute and familiarity; for if he does, I'll either make up my mind at once to have him for a son-in-law, or else kick the young rascal, neck and heels, down the staircase. Cousin indeed!

THE FRENCHMAN IN A DILEMMA.

"Vat a ver comical language de Anglaish is!" said a French gentleman the other evening at the table.

"Do you think so?"

"Oui, ver droll. I vil tell you. I vanted to see Angland—ver good. I got de passport, and arrived at Doveres. I was ver much hungry. I looked in my dictionaire for 'pottage' *potage*-soupe,—sope. 'Madame,' said I, 'some sope, if you please.' In one minute de lady beckoned me. I vent vid her to de chamber: 'Der is sope,' said she, 'and de vater.'—'Pardon, Madame, not savon, but sope.' 'Dis is sope,' said she. 'No, no! Madame, not dat, pottage-sope.' 'Well, sare, dis is soap.' 'Parbleu, Madame! de sope, sope comprenez vouz!' 'This is soap.'—'Dat soape—dat potage! Madame, I am not imbecile, one fool; I vant de sope—not one lump of savon-sope, Madame.' But she vouldn't understand; and so, sare, I vashed my hands vid de savon, and went to bed. De hands wer ver clean, but for vant of de sope de stomach was ver emty."

THE DEATH OF A DOG.

To die "the death of a dog," is said to be the fate of any unfortune who has been disconnected by misfortune or misconduct from the sympathy and charity of his kin. The phrase is familiar in every ear, and its signification is well understood. That dogs do generally die wretchedly is most true; and even the hound of high degree, when his day is over, may go to the dust as miserably as any "bob-tail tyke or trundle tail" of the canine fraternity. Dogs are generally supposed to die in the gutter; "headed," as we see them in the dog-days, or pelted to death with stones by mischievous boys. Books tell us that dogs, of all the brute creation, manifest clearest intelligence & closest attachment to man; while at the same time, it is a received opinion that the death of a dog is the most despicable exit from being that can be made by biped and quadruped. At some future time perhaps philosophy may find out how far these facts go to the disgrace of the dog, and how far in favor of the magnanimity of man. The mastiff, the hound, the spaniel, the shepard's dog, the harrier, the terrier, the greyhound, the bloodhound, &c., &c., all have their friends and masters during their day of utility; but to grow sick or old are sins always to be visited with the vengeance of neglect. Such being the unhappy fate of the genus canis, there is, perhaps, no sadder image to be called before the mind than "the death of a dog."

On the 1st of January, 1827, Col. Wm. L. Sublette, accompanied by a famous mountaineer called Black Harris, started on foot from the valley of the Big Salt Lake, on an express expedition from the Mountains to St. Louis. The story of the whole trip is too long to be told now, and we only propose to mention one remarkable incident of the journey. The two men took with them no horses, but pushed forward with snow-shoes upon their feet. An Indian dog, trained and broken for service, with a pack of necessaries weighing fifty pounds strapped upon its back, was their only friend, assistant and companion upon this perilous, desolate, and unprecented adventure. After encountering suffering, hunger and hardship, in every shape that winter could inflict upon them in a savage region, they stopped one evening, sick and starving, under three elm trees, by the side of a frozen streamlet, still two hundred miles outside of the settlements. The dog was weak and sore-footed, and out of sight behind as it followed faithfully and wearily on. Sublette had barely strength to scrape the snow from a spot, gather his blanket around him and fall exhausted; while Black Harris broke dead branches from the trees and kindled a fire.—If the condition of the two desolate travellers at the moment may be imagined, it must present a picture worthy of attention. Sublette lay coiled up in his blanket by the side of the little camp fire, while Black Harris setting cross legged opposite, bent for warmth over the miserable blaze, his eyes gleaming with strange earnestness upon the poor dog that came crawling in just as the heaviest shadows of night were gathering around. Harris did not move as was his usual custom, to relieve the dog from his load. The animal crawled near the fire, cruched and closed its eyes, with the burthen still bound upon his back, while Black Harris "did rest his chin upon his clenched hands and smiled," as his eyes roved back and forth from the poor starved dog, to a little axe or tomahawk that lay near.

"Captain," said Harris, addressing Sublette.

"*Um?*" muttered the worn out man.

"The dog."

"*Um?*"

"I say, the dog!"

"Well?"

"We'll! well, then you aint hungry, I suppose? I won't say dog to you again,' and Black Harris made a miserable attempt to whistle, his wild eye still fixed upon the poor beast that lay near him.

"He can't travel any more, any how," said Harris.

"*Um?*"

"O, go to sleep, if you've had your supper; I'm just talking to my friend here with four legs."

"Are you hungry, Harris?" asked Sublette faintly.

"Hungry! O, Lord, no! I have eaten three full meals in only a fortnight! Hungry, Captain! why, you're joking me; go to sleep, Captain, go to sleep; you have been dining out and indulging! go to sleep."

"Must we kill the dog, Harris?

"O, not at all, Captain; I can wait a while myself, and he'll save us the trouble before morning!"

"*Um?*"

"We've got nothing more for him to carry, any how."

"O, Lord!"

"And he couldn't carry any thing if we had it. I don't want to kill the dog!"

"*Um?*"

"There's nothing to eat on his bones, any how: good night, Captain!"

"Kill the dog! kill the dog, Harris," said Sublette; "you are starving: *I can't* eat the flesh of the wretched creature; but if you can, kill it, kill it, in God's name!"

Harris snatched the axe, and reeled with weakness as he rose to strike the dog. He struck and missed his aim.—The dog rose and looked in his face.—He struck again, and the blow descended with fearful effect upon the scull of the animal. It fell and rose again with a pitiful howl.

"Get up, get up and help me, Captain," said Harris, "a dizziness is coming over me, and I can't see the brute."

"No! no! no!" replied the prostrate man, curling himself up closer and closer in the folds of his blanket.

"*Get up!*" repeated Harris, with phrenzied earnestness in his words, and Sublette rose with sudden energy to assist.

The wounded dog had crawled away and lay moaning piteously somewhere in the dark. The two men groped about, blindly, and half crazy with hunger and wretchedness, in search of it, and at length it was found.

"Hold it! hold it!" cried Harris, as he threw more sticks on the fire to get light.

Sublette held the dog, while Harris gave it two more rapid blows upon the skull with his tomahawk, stretching the creature out upon the blood stained snow, apparently dead. Without pausing an instant, the hungry man threw the carcass on the fire to singe the hair off, when it exhibited life again, wriggled out of the flame, and ran madly away! By its own burning hair the poor travellers traced it, and, after being stabbed and stabbed again, and knocked in the head again, the heart yet moved when the impatient butcher opened his prey!

Sublette returned, sick, to his bed in the snow, but Harris cooked supper and feasted alone, setting the Captain's share aside to serve for breakfast.—They both ate heartily in the morning, and with renewed vigor set forward for home.

Such is one story of the death of a dog. *N. O. Picayune.*

AN UNREASONABLE PROPOSAL.

An Irish laborer, who was in the employ of an English gentleman residing in Ireland, was on one occasion about going to a fair, held annually at a neighboring village, when his master endeavored to dissuade him from his design.

"You always," said he, "come back with a broken head: now, stay at home to-day, Darby, and I'll give you five shillings."

"I'm for ever and all obliged to your honor," replied Darby; "but does it stand to rason," added he, flourishing his shillelah over his head, "does it stand to rason, that I'd take five shillings for the bating I'm to get to-day?"

The Lawyer and the Witness.—Notwithstanding all that is said against lawyers, some of them are fine fellows; but they do miss it sometimes, and get a wrong witness by ear. The Court were amused the other day, when a lawyer was examining a witness. After asking him various questions, the witness was about to draw some conclusions not very favorable to lawyer M———'s client, when he was silenced by the remark, "We do not wish for you to draw any inferences It was." not long after this, when perhaps the lawyer forgot himself, that he inquired of the witness "Should you not infer," &c. "I was to draw *no inferences*, you know," the witness instantly replied.

A DIALOGUE.—"I say, boy, whose horse is that you're riding?"

"Why, it's daddy's."

"Who is your daddy?"

"Don't you know? Why uncle Peter Jones,"

"So you are the son of your uncle?"

"Why yes, I calculate I am. You see dad got to be a widower, and married mothers sister, so I recken he's my uncle."

"Boy, you are not far from a fool."

"Well, as we aint more than three feet apart, I think just as you say."

"Good morning,"

"Good morning. You did'nt come it that time, stranger."

The quantity of bullion now in the vaults of the Bank of England, amounts to nearly £16,000,000 sterling.

AN ACT

TO REGULATE THE MILITIA OF THE STATE OF OHIO, PASSED MARCH 12, 1844.

SEC. 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio*, That the training of the rank and file of the militia shall hereafter be dispensed with, in time of peace, except as provided for in this act.

SEC. 2. That every able bodied white male inhabitant, resident within this State, who is or shall be of the age of twenty-one years, and under the age of forty-five years, excepting persons who may be members of volunteer companies, persons absolutely exempted by law, idiots and lunatics, shall be enrolled in the militia.

SEC. 3. That it shall be the duty of the township assessors, annually, to prepare a list of all persons liable to be enrolled, as aforesaid, in their respective townships, and every keeper of any tavern or boarding house, and every master of any dwelling house, shall, upon application of the assessor, within whose township such house may be situated, or of any person acting under them, give information of the names of all persons residing in such house and liable to enrollment, as aforesaid, and every such person, so liable, shall, upon like application, give his name and age, and if any such keeper, master, or person liable as aforesaid, shall refuse to give such information, or shall give false information, he or they shall be fined in any sum not less than five dollars for each offence, to be collected in an action of debt before any justice of the peace for the proper township, and it is hereby made the duty of the assessor, forthwith after the occurrence of any such offence, to commence such action, in his official capacity, in the name of the State of Ohio, against any person or persons so offending, and prosecute the same to final judgment and collection, if possible; and all money so collected shall be by such assessor immediately paid over to the treasurer in the proper township; and it is hereby made the duty of such treasurer to appropriate the same for the use of common schools in the proper township, in like manner as other school funds are now, by law, appropriated; and it shall be the duty of the township trustees to require and accept such additional security as will, in the opinion of such trustees, be sufficient to insure the faithful performance of the duties enjoined upon said assessors by this act

SEC. 4. That the township assessor shall, annually, at the time of assessing taxable property, make out a roll or list of all names of persons, liable to be enrolled as aforesaid, and shall place it in the hands of the clerk of the proper township, who shall record the same in the book of record of such township, and it shall be the duty of such clerk to return, annually, in the month of May or June, an accurate copy of such record of enrollment to the commandant of the proper brigade, said commandant of brigade shall make return to the commandant of division, and the commandant of division to the adjutant general of the State, as now required by law.

SEC. 5. That it shall be optional with every person, enrolled as aforesaid, either to become an active enrolled member of a volunteer company or pay annually, as a commutation for military duty, the sum of fifty cents, as hereinafter provided, or perform two days extra labor on some public highway in the road district in which he may reside.

SEC 6. That it shall be the duty of the township assessors, in their respective townships, annually, at the time of making the enrollment aforesaid, to demand, either personally or by written requirement, from each person so enrolled, the aforesaid sum of fifty cents, and if the said sum shall not then or thereafter be paid, on or before the first day of August then next ensuing, said assessor shall forthwith proceed to collect the same by distraining the property of such person, in like manner as county treasurers are now by law authorised to sell property for the collection of delinquent taxes, provided that said sum of fifty cents shall not be collected from any person who shall exhibit to said assessor a certificate of membership as a uniform member, at the time being, of a volunteer company, signed by the commandant thereof, or from any person who shall exhibit a certificate as an active duty member of any regular organized fire, hose, or hook and ladder company, or from any person who shall exhibit a certificate from the supervisor of the road district in which he may reside, that he has performed two days' extra labor on some public highway in said district.

SEC. 7. All moneys collected by township assessors, under the provisions of the preceding section of this act, shall be by them immediately paid over to the treasurer of the proper county who shall place the same to the credit of the brigade in which said moneys may have been collected, in whose hands it shall constitute a military fund for the use of said brigade, to be disbursed as hereinafter provided.

SEC. 8. That the township assessors shall take duplicate receipts for all moneys by them paid over to the county treasurers under the provisions of this act, one of which they shall deposit with the auditor of the proper county; and said township assessors shall be paid the same rate of compensation as is allowed by law for the performance of their duties in assessing property for taxation, provided that they shall be entitled to receive pay only for such time as they shall be actually employed in the discharge of the duties enjoined upon them by this act; said compensation to be paid out of the military fund by the county treasurer, on the certificate of the trustees of the proper township.

SEC. 9. That the military fund in the hands of the county treasurer, provided for by this act, shall be paid out by said treasurer upon the order of the commandant of brigade; and the county commissioners, in their annual settlement with the county auditor and treasurer, shall examine and compare the receipts and disbursements by the county treasurer of the military fund in his hands, and shall allow said treasurer two per centum on the moneys so received and disbursed, and include and